

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

MOTHER MINE.

When by the ruddy fire I read,
In one old volume and another,
Those ballads haunted by fair women,
One of them always seemed my mother.

In storied song she dwelt, among
Those fairies, women under heaven,
The foam of Binnorie's bonny mill-dams,
The bowing birks, the sisters seven.

Burd Helen had those great gray eyes,
That gleamed from shadowy lashes flitting;
That smile the winsome bride of Yarrow,
Before her tears were set to shining.

That mouth was just the mouth that kissed
Sir Oranmore under the green wood,
Fair Rosamond was tall as she was,
In those daisy-fancies of my childhood.

And when she sang—ah, when she sang!
Birds are less sweet, and fawns not clearer—
In ancient halls I saw the minstrel,
And shapes long dead arose to hear her.

Darlings of song I've heard since then,
But no such voice as hers was, swelling
Like bell-voices on the winds of morning,
All angelhood about it dwelling.

No more within those regions dim
Of rich romance my thoughts would place
Her life itself is such a poem
She does not need old names to grace her.

Long years have fled, but such her charm,
It smiles to see that years are fleeting;
Scotch songs are still as sweet as ever,
But she is infinitely sweeter.

For love, that shines through all her ways,
Hinders the stealthy years from booty;
A soul divinely self-forgetful
Has come to blossom in her beauty.

While the low brow, the silver curl,
The twilight glance and perfect features,
The rose upon a creamy pallor,
Make her the loveliest of creatures.

Now, with the thrill along the tone,
The light that on the face has found her,
As sunbeams flowers, a strange remoteness,
Half like a halo, hangs around her.

Half like a halo? Nay, indeed,
I never saw a picture painted—
Such holy work the years have rendered—
So like a woman that is sainted.

—Harpers Bazar.

THE DEACON'S DREAMS.

"Mary, look at the bread, won't you?
It's done, I guess."

"In a minute, mother," and the
young girl bent still lower over the book
she was reading. A footstep sounded
upon the well-beaten yard, and both
mother and daughter started nervously,
the latter slipping her book hurriedly
out of sight, and starting toward the
stove.

"It's only Willie," and Mrs. Heyworth
resumed her patching, with a sigh of
relief.

The boy who entered threw himself
dejectedly upon the long, high-backed
settee, and buried his face for a moment
in his hands, then, starting up, ex-
claimed:

"I might just as well give up first as
last, I suppose."

"Oh, Willie, did father say you
couldn't go?"

It was the girl who spoke, and her
face flamed red and hot as she turned
to her brother.

"Of course he did! I might have
known it," he added, in a choked voice;
"but I did think that surely he would
consent when he knew how much I
wanted to go to college, and how hard
I had tried to prepare for entering this
fall."

"Did you tell him about it, Willie?"

"Yes, but he only said I needn't say
another word; he had 'set his foot
down' that his boys should be farmers,
and farmers had no need of college; it
only made them lazy and stuck-up—
lazy and stuck-up! As if I wouldn't
work my fingers to the bone, and study
all night long, if only—" and his voice
broke away in a sob.

He was sixteen; a great, shy, awk-
ward boy; with a promise of manly
beauty on the smooth face, and broad,
white brow; a prophesy of noble man-
hood in the clear eyes, the firmly set
lips, and well-proportioned head.

This was his ambition: To go to col-
lege, to know the many things that
students knew; by day and by night it
had been his wild hope, sleeping or wak-
ing, ever present with him.

"I do think it's too bad, and father is
just as mean as he can be! I don't
care!" she exclaimed defiantly, turning
determinedly away from her mother's
admonitory "Mary! Mary! Child!"

"I don't care! If father wanted us all to
hate him he couldn't try harder than he
is doing all the time to bring it about.
There isn't a day that he doesn't 'set his
foot down,' as he says, to something we
all hate and protest against. You know
as well as I do that if it hadn't been for
some things, 'Lisbeth would never have
left home, and if he don't mind, there'll
be one or two others missing one of
these mornings."

And having "said her say," she turned
her flashing gray eyes, and flushed,
burning face away from them toward
the heated oven, where, after giving the
nicely-baked bread a vigorous thump
and shake, she deposited it again, in-
stead of upon the table, as she should
have done.

"Well, grieving won't do my work,"
said the boy, with a pitiful attempt at
cheerfulness. "I'll just have to quit
thinking about it, that is all!" And he
walked slowly away from the house, and
off over the meadow low with a sad,
hopeless air, that made the mother's
heart ache. A whiter look came over
the patient, care-worn face, and the
lines about her mouth settled into tense
rigidity as Mrs. Heyworth's eyes fol-
lowed her son. Was it right? Was it
just that her children's lives should thus
be cramped and narrowed down to the
standard of one little soul?

So well she knew her children's trou-
bles that she could not at heart blame
her daughter for the sudden outburst
that had just occurred—there was too
much truth in the girl's rapid words.

Poor Willie! How hard he had studied,
every moment that he could snatch from
work, preparing himself for examina-
tion—hoping, although against hope, to
enter college. How proudly he had ex-
claimed, dashing down the books glee-
fully:

"There, mother! there's not an ex-
ample in this I can not solve, or a propo-
sition I can not state, and as far as
these fellows," rapidly running over
other text books, "there's not a ques-
tion here I can not answer, from lid to
lid; and now, mother, don't you think
perhaps father will let me go?"

And then she thought, with a shiver, of
the words of her restless, high-spirited
daughter:

"If he don't mind there'll be one or
two others missing one of these morn-
ings."

Would it end in this at last? Already
one had gone, searching elsewhere for
the freedom to think and act that was
denied at home. Was it right that all
the sunshine, all the happiness, should
be crushed out of their lives? She knew
that it was not, and had not she an
equal right to determine upon their
future with their father?

The sunbeams slowly lengthened,
creeping up and over her feet, her work
and her folded hands, until they flashed
upon her with a sudden blindness.

"Come Mary, it's most time for sup-
per, and father'll soon be in from the
field!" and then she gathered up her
work with a weary sigh.

"The deacon is kind enough at
heart," she thought, half apologetically,
"only he's so set."

For a moment she lingered in the
doorway, then, turning away, said hur-
riedly:

"The men are coming; you skim the
milk, child, while I cut the bread.
Where is the bread?" and she glanced
inquiringly from the empty bread-cloth
to her daughter.

"Oh, mother! As I live, I do be-
lieve!"

She opened the oven door slowly, and
with the air might be supposed to
wear going to their execution. The bread
was almost in a blaze, and blacker than
any that you ever saw, or any Chloe that
ever lived.

This was the climax of misfortune;
burnt bread was the Deacon's particular
aversion, the eating of which was al-
ways considered by him worthy of an
indefinitely greater patience than the in-
comparable Job ever possessed.

Before this new evil all other troubles
"paled as stars before the sun," and for
a while Mrs. Heyworth's sorrows were
swallowed by the trembling ques-
tion:

"What will father say?"

Deacon Heyworth's day's work was
done long ago, and he sat, as usual, in
his easy chair, with his feet upon the
fender. The evening was cool—just
cool enough to make a fire enjoyable,
and with his paper and apples, and
glass of cider beside him, he prepared
to enjoy himself to the full. His wife
sat near him with busy fingers; her
work was not yet done—would never be
she often thought wearily, until her
hands and feet and heart were still in
death.

The corner clock struck nine, and the
Deacon laid aside his paper. Mrs. Hey-
worth's opportunity had come at last,
the moment she had waited for anxiously.
"Something must be done. Oh, if I
only could say something to convince
him! His heart is kind and good enough,
if it only could be got at—kind of like
green moss, and shining shells under
the water when it's frozen over—easy
enough to be got at when the ice breaks
and floats away."

"Father!" she commenced, desper-
ately, "college begins next week."

"Yes, I know," and the Deacon's
voice expressed slight irritation.

"Willie does want to go so bad,
pears like it's a shame for the boy to be
disappointed."

The Deacon's face became flint.

"I've explained to William my rea-
sons for not letting him go, and when I
say a thing I mean it; I've set my foot
down."

"Yes! yes! I know! but I do wish,
Nathan, you wasn't quite so swift at
'setting your foot down,' as you always
say; it's mighty aggravatin' some-
times, for you never pretend to ask me
what I think of such or such things,
and for all I'm so quiet like, and don't
say anything, I feel it, nevertheless, and
I've begun to wonder when my time'll
come."

The Deacon gasped, and his wife,
throwing away her last remnant of timi-
dity, continued:

"We've been married now high on
twenty-five years, Nathan, but I can't
remember the time when I ever set my
foot down that such a thing should or
should not be done."

She paused a moment, with the scar-
let staining her face like some bashful
girl's, and her husband, watching the
new light in her usually drooping eyes,
stammered out, with fast expiring dig-
nity:

"I—I'm surprised. I am, Hannah.

I am surprised," answered his
wife, meekly; "we are always surprised
if a person ventures an opinion different
from our own, and I suppose you are
all the more surprised at my attempting
a thing I never did before; but it's gone
on and on, until I can stand it no longer,
Nathan, and I must speak. I've worked
long and hard for you, now, more'n
twenty years. Many and many's the
night I've gone to bed too tired to sleep,
and it 'pears like I shall never get rested
any more. Mary ain't stout, you know,
and all the brunt of the work comes on
me. I look old and feel old to be only
forty-five, and it's the hard work that's
done it; a hired girl would have been a
mighty help, and a blessing sometimes,
but you never seemed to think about it,
and I never grumbled any, for I loved
you all the same; but sometimes, when
I've thought it all over—and I've done
it hundreds and hundreds of times—it
touches mighty close to be always set
aside like nobody at all, and have my
wishes and opinions continually talked
against, for I never forgot that I'm your
wife, Nathan, and have an equal right,
with you, to say what should or should
not be done!"

Her voice trembled for a moment, but
the Deacon's amazement was too great
for words, and she hurried on:

"There was never better children
than ours for smartness or work, and
anybody will say so that knows 'em;
but because they'll mind every word
that you say, and never grumble when
you cross 'em, doesn't make it right that
you should deny them every privilege
and enjoyment."

"Young folks always hanker after
fun, and it don't make them any better
Christians to be always quieting them
down when they are laughing or sing-
ing their merry songs. There's Thom-
as; the boy's heart is set on going to
singing-school—he can sing more songs
now than I ever knew in all my life, and
he takes so natural like to the notes and
tunes—I don't see why you can't let

him go, Nathan, for it would only do
him good, he's always so happy when
he's singing, and God knows sorrow
comes soon enough to most folks.

Mary wants to go to school so bad that
she cries every morning when she sees
the boys and girls go by. I know I
couldn't do all the work, but hired help
is easy got, and you'd never miss the
money that would pay a girl her wages.

"Now, as to Willie's going to college,
I don't want to appear contrary, Na-
than, but I've wanted it right along, and
I do think the boy ought to go. It's my
notion he'll never make a farmer, he's
too set on his books; not but what a
farmer can be as smart as anybody, but
it's not in nature to do one thing, and
do well, when your whole heart and
soul are hanker after something else."

"No! I say let Willie go to college,
and let Mary go to school, and Thomas
to the singing school, if they want to go.
It'll do you good, for there's none of
our children going to be any of the ig-
norant stock, let me tell you that."

"Of course you can't do the work, no-
body expects you to; but you've got the
money that'll hire it done, and it's a
great deal better to be a few dollars out
of pocket and have the love of your chil-
dren, than to leave it all to them after
awhile, and maybe have them feeling
glad when you're gone."

"I think, sometimes, per'aps if ye'd
been a little more kind and gentle like
to Elizabeth, she might 'a—"

"Mis' Heyworth! Hannah!" ex-
claimed the husband, with suddenly
awakened dignity. "I hope you'll not
attempt to blame me for doing them the
favor I may have done; me, a Deacon!"

And he clasped the chair's arm firmly,
while his feet took an amazed jump
from the fender to the floor.

"Being a Deacon doesn't help the
matter a bit, and it won't help you,
either, when it comes to the last, and if
you've not tried or done anything to
make anyone else happy, I'm afraid
there will not be much happiness for
you; folks can sin in not doing what
they ought to do as well as in doing
what they ought not; and we'll be
judged for what we have not done as
well as for what we have. No, Nathan,
make your children happy, and no mat-
ter if it does take a little money to do it,
you'd far better leave them without a
cent than to have your money cold
and rot because you don't think them
favors. It takes mighty little, some-
times, to make another one happy, but
I've a notion it goes a long way with
God!"

Deacon Heyworth could not sleep.
He was, to say the least of it, surprised.
This was not Hannah's usual way of
talking, and he could not imagine what
in the world possessed her now. If she
had spoken angrily, he could have re-
plied, but her language had been so
calm, so dispassioned, so straightfor-
ward, that he had not the least opportu-
nity for anger.

For a while, he could think of nothing
but the strangeness of his patient, gen-
tle-voiced wife talking in this way to
him; then gradually her words came
back to him, and the more he remem-
bered of them, the more they troubled
him; but not that he thought she
"looked at things in too strong a light,
for what need was there for Willie to
go to college? he never went, never
wanted to go, even; the boy knew too
much now for any good; then as for
Mary, she's a better scholar this very
day than I am, and there's no more
need of her going to school than there is
of Hec there!" and the Deacon very
complacently eyed a great yellow and
white dog lying behind the stove, and
decided that it was all a humbug, that
he had "set his foot down," etc. "But
then it was kind of mean to say they
shouldn't, when Hannah had set her
heart on it; 'tain't often she crosses
me; she's been a powerful good wife
and mother, Hannah has," mused the
Deacon, with a remorseful twinge.

"Wonder what did possess her, though,
to say what she did about Elizabeth?"
and just then the Deacon's little devil,
self-conceit, stepped in and spouted at
such a rate about a man's controlling
his own house, and a deacon's knowing
what was right and best for his family,
of course, that he turned over in his bed
and closed his eyes even more firmly,
and with a feeling of conscious superi-
ority. Of course he knew what was
best!

But he could not sleep; over and over
again he determined not to think any
more about it, but over and over again
would the words recur to him. "If you
never do anything to make them
happy, I'm afraid there'll not be
much happiness for you when it comes
to the last." He could not get rid of
them, try as he would, until, in desper-
ation, he determined to end them by
self-examination. He ransacked his
memory, first carefully, then eagerly,
and anxiously, and with a great won-
dering if it really could be, and if his
children might not possibly be glad
when he was dead; the thought was
horrible, yet turn whichever way he
would, it only grew more intensely cer-
tain, for from among all the years, the
days, the hours gathered from the past,
he could only single out pitiful selfish-
ness and greed.

"I just wish Hannah hadn't said any-
thing about it," he groaned, as, rest-
lessly tossing over and over, he found
himself unable to stifle his awakening
conscience. "I'll not be fit for a lick of
work to-morrow."

The Deacon was not so unlike the rest
of us, after all.

Sleep came to him at length, not
sweet and refreshing, but busy with
dreamings that startled the man's soul
like arrows of warning.

He dreamed it was the last great day;
the millions on millions of people melt-
ed slowly away from before him, bring-
ing him nearer and nearer the Great
Arbitrer of souls. Countless throngs of
angels hovered near, bursting forth in
raptures. "Glory to God in the High-
est!" as thousands upon thousands of
the redeemed joined their number, or
turned weeping away, as others were
borne shrieking to eternal gloom.

No great happiness, or particular
dread seemed to enter the Deacon's
heart; he sincerely pitied those who
were eternally lost; and thought how
much better it would have been for
them had they been Christians, while
he looked upon the angels, curiously
wondering if some of them there had
been as good as they "might have
been."

At last, nothing remained between
him and the Searching Eye bent upon
him. It was an expression of infinite
mercy, loving compassion, and yearning
tenderness, yet unswerving justice, that
seemed to draw him nearer and nearer,
as by some invisible chain.

"I am a Deacon," explained our
friend.

There was no voice, no sound, yet
deep down in his heart he seemed to hear
in living thunders—"I know thee not!"
while the angels turned away in tears.

"Don't you know? Don't you remem-
ber? I am Deacon Heyworth," he said,
shivering and withering beneath the
awful horror that grew upon him. But
no "Well done!" greeted him from the
Presence there; all the glory faded
away—the cruelly-pierced side and
hands and feet of the thorn-crowned
brow remained; a voice infinite in its
sadness came from out the awful still-
ness—"Ye have done this unto me!"

The angels sobbed, and still the hor-
ror grew; he seemed enfolded in a liv-
ing, breathing agony, with his con-
science his accuser. "You were a Dea-
con, with a Deacon's work to do; it was
yours to bind up the hearts of God's
children, to make the widow's heart to
sing for joy, to be a peacemaker among
your brethren, and to advance God's
cause and kingdom in the earth, but
you have not given even a 'cup of cold
water to one of these, His little ones!'"

Wrung from his own soul, yet another's,
fainter and fainter grew the voice,
and the angels veiled their faces and
turned away; waiting, listening for his
fearful sentence; ages seemed concen-
trated in that one instant of anguish,
and he shrieked aloud.

"Nathan, what upon earth! what is
the matter with you?" and Mrs. Hey-
worth shook her husband vigorously.

"Have you got the nightmare?"

"Oh, Hannah, I've had an awful
dream, an awful dream!"

"Have you? Nightmare, I expect!"
and she turned over sleepily.

It was not the nightmare, Deacon
Heyworth knew, but he did what many
of us would not have done—determined
to accept its teaching.

"Who would ever have thought it?"
he queried, wondering to himself,
scarcely able to deny the reality of it all.

"Who would ever have thought it of
me, Deacon?"

Shivering, thinking and resolving, he
slept again, and again he dreamed.

He was dead—lying still and pale and
cold; and yet he stood watching his
family as any curious bystander might.
He thought he could read their hearts,
and to his surprise there was not so
much of sorrow as of contentment, deep
down beneath their mourning.

His wife's face seemed to glow bright-
er, as if a world of care had been re-
moved from her life. "The children
can have their own way now, poor
things!" she was saying to herself, al-
though her eyes were wet; "they could
never do as they liked while their father
was living!" He thought Willie was
trying hard not to think how glad he
was that he could go to college at last;
while Mary and Thomas were saying
over and over to themselves, "No per-
son will hinder me now from going to
school when I want to go." He saw
another form bowed near; it was his
long-absent daughter, and through her
heart were wandering the words "Thank
God, I can come home again!"

It was terrible. He tried to speak,
to tell them he was not dead, that he loved
them more than they ever knew; it was
in vain, and he saw himself carried
away and buried; but he thought he
could see them still—was with them all
the while—with them, yet immeasur-
ably separated from them; through days
and weeks, months and years he fol-
lowed them, all the time suffering a re-
morseful anguish that would have been
insupportable but that he could not
speak or weep. He thought it had been
ten years since he died, and that he had
long been forgotten by any but his fam-
ily; his wife now looked restful, happy
and contented; and his children all oc-
cupied places of usefulness and honor in
the world, and he dreamed, often and
often, that their inmost thoughts were,
"We were never happy while father
lived, and we would never have been
happy had he not died!"

He tried to speak, to tell them he
loved them, that he had been with them
all these years, but he could make no
sound, and they turned away; but he
must call them, must speak to them;
again and again he tried to do so, and
awoke.

Long the Deacon pondered over his
dreams, and in his heart he felt that
they had not been of himself, but of
God.

"They're warnings, Nathan Hey-
worth!" he decided at length, solemnly,
"warnings, sure's your life, and ye'll do
well to abide by 'em."

The ice was melting away, and al-
ready the green moss and shining shell
were shimmering up from beneath.

It was breakfast time at Deacon Hey-
worth's, and the meal was being eaten,
usual, in almost perfect silence.
Again and again had the husband and
father been on the verge of speaking—
his lips only opened to close again si-
lently. No one knew of the previous
night's experience—of the warnings he
firmly believed he had received; he
could remain forever dumb, and no one
would ever be the wiser, but he had de-
termined to right, if possible, the wrongs
of years, and yet—it was not so easy as
he had thought.

"William!" he exclaimed at length,
suddenly, slowly breaking an egg into
the glass beside him.

The boy looked up respectfully, but
wearily; he, too, had spent an almost
sleepless night—a night of tears and dis-
appointment. "Well, father?" he said,
questioning, for the Deacon had stop-
ped to break another egg.

"When does the examination at the
college begin?"

All the blood in the boy's body seemed
rushing into his face, such a strange
question for father to ask! He tried to
quell his heart's sudden beating as he
replied, "This afternoon, sir," but the
mother could see how painful the sus-
pense was to her son.

"If you can satisfy them that examine
the students, you may start to college
whenever you please?"

"Father!"

Tears came slowly into the father's
eyes; how blind he had been! "Oh,
father!" but the words only ended in a

convulsive burst of tears, and the boy
hurriedly left the room.

Thomas looked at Mary, and Mary
looked at Thomas, and the mother
looked at them both—the long-suffering
mother, whose heart was throbbing
strangely to the promise of a new-born
peace.

"And Mary and Thomas," continued
the Deacon, after a few preliminary
coughs and throat-clearings, "I believe
school has been 'took up' just about a
week, but maybe if you study hard and
learn fast, you can catch up with the
best of 'em; you'll have to fly around,
daughter, and help mother all you can
until I get some help; and you boys
must give me a lift once in a while on the
farm until we get things to work good."

I want to say just here," he said, sater-
lingly, and blunderingly, yet bravely,
nevertheless, "that ye've all been pow-
erful good children, notwithstanding you
couldn't often get what you wanted, and
you sha'n't lose anything by it from
this on. P'raps father thinks a heap
more of you, after all, than you'd think
when he's so cross and ugly like."

"Oh, father! you dear, dear father,
you don't know how much we all love
you!" and for almost the first time
within her remembrance, the warm-
hearted girl threw her arms about him
and kissed him fondly.

"There, there, child, you'll spoil me!"
exclaimed the delighted deacon, blowing
his nose vigorously, and wiping a
suspicious moisture from his eyes;

"You'll spoil me, sure!" Their children
had left the room, and she came up to
the window beside him. "What does it
all mean, Nathan?"

"It means that God has been teach-
ing me the error of my ways, Hannah,
and I'm trying to take the lesson to
heart." And then laying his hand gen-
tly upon the hard, toll-worn one near
his, Deacon Heyworth told his wife his
warnings.

Years have passed over them all since
then, and children's children play in the
great old-fashioned rooms. Often they
meet together there, and even the long-
ago home-welcomed Elizabeth is with
them. The mother with her soft, white
hair, looks after them all with happy,
careful eyes, as the father, almost
blind, tells over and over again his
dreams. "I can see it all," he says,
"just as plain as I could that night. But
I'm not afraid now. I know the Pierced
Hands will welcome me up there, and I
can almost hear the angels sing again.
It will not be long, not very long until
I shall see Him and know Him as he
is."

"It will be no dream there, Nathan!"
Her eyes are dim, 'reft of brightness
long ago, but their children think of the
land of eternal youth as they look upon
her, and hear the tremulous, trusting
answer:

"No, Hannah, no dream there!"

The Management of Sick Children.

The vicissitudes necessarily incident
to an out-door and primitive mode of
life are never the first causes of any
disease, though they may sometimes be-
tray its presence. Bronchitis, now-
days perhaps the most frequent of all
infantile diseases, makes no exception
to this rule; a draught of cold air may
reveal the latent progress of the disor-
der, but its cause is long confinement in
a vitiated and overheated atmosphere,
and its proper remedy ventilation and a
mild, phlegm-softening (saccharine)
diet, warm, sweet milk, sweet oatmeal-
porridge, or honey-water. Select an
airy bedroom and do not be afraid to
open the windows; among the children
of the Indian tribes who brave in open
tents the terrible winters of the Hudson
Bay territory, bronchitis, croup and
diphtheria are wholly unknown; and
what we call "taking cold" might of-
ten be more correctly described as tak-
ing hot; glowing stoves, and even open
fires, in a night-nursery, greatly aggra-
vate the pernicious effects of an impure
atmosphere. The first paroxysm of
croup can be promptly relieved by very
simple remedies: fresh air and a rapid
forward-and-backward movement of
the arms, combined in urgent cases
with the application of a flesh-brush (or
piece of flannel) to the neck and the
upper part of the chest. Paregoric and
poppy-syrup stop the cough by lethargiz-
ing the irritability and thus preventing
the discharge of the phlegm till its ac-
cumulation produces a second and far
more dangerous paroxysm. These sec-
ond attacks of croup (after the adminis-
tration of palliatives) are generally the
fatal ones. When the child is convul-
sant, let him beware of stimulating
food and overheated rooms. Do not
give aperient medicines; costiveness, as
an after-effect of pleuritic affections,
will soon yield to fresh air and a vege-
table diet.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in
Popular Science Monthly.

The Worst of Everyone.

It is so easy to get into the way of
thinking the worst of our friends and
neighbors, that one should guard against
a habit of detraction with all one's
might. It is painfully depressing to be
with those who habitually speak evil of
others. One feels in a charmed circle
of hopeless iniquity, if it be not one of
delusive appearances. Everything is
bad throughout, and there is not a
square inch of virtue left for